GLEANED FROM THE RECORDS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

A Corporal's Daring Deed at Vicksburg-A Woman's Row in the Darkness to feet Sumter-Gen. Webb's Ride Be-tyren the Lines-Fort Fisher Heroes, From the St. Louis Globe-Democras.

WASSINGTON, March 28,-The war records entinue to reveal instances of individual herosen worthy of mention, of which the following are a few ;

siego of Vicksburg furnished many beroes, but none of a higher order than Isaac Carman, late corporal of Company A. Fortycarman, definition of the carman and the carman and the carman party from Blair's division, led by Lawler and Larandam, made the first capture of a Confederate fort, the flags of the Seventyseventh Illinois and Forty-eighth Ohio were placed upon the parapets, and floated undis-turbed from 10:30 in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confeder-stes massed and by a desperate charge retook their position. The heroic deed of Carman is related by Capt. Posegate, who had command Company A, one of the companies which had fought its way,into the fort. His narrative is as follows:

"Our brigade captured the fort in its front, together with quite a number of prisoners. The national colors of the Forty-eighth Ohio and the Seventy seventh Illinois were planted on the fort, and a number of men were detailed Cremain there and throw up counter works in rear. My company halted on the ditch in front of the fort, between the two pastions. and held that position for several hours. There seeming to be a lack of strength on our part, no further advance was attempted. In the after-neon, between 4 o'clock and 5 o'clock, the Confederate forces charged the works and captured them, together with our men who were in the fort and drove off those who were on the escarpment. The charge was so sudden and flerce that our own colors, together with those of the Seventy-seventh Illinois, were left in the fort, and it seemed as though they were hopelessly in the hands of the enemy. I was ordered to withdraw my company from the ditch, and while preparing to do so Isaao N. Carman, who was personally known to me, reached my side and informed me that he was determined to rescue our colors. I hought such an attempt honeless, but made no objection. At this moment a fuse shell thrown by the Confederate came rolling down the escarp into the ditch. The fuse was rapidly burning, but Carman seized the shell in his hands and hurled it back into the Confederate works, where it exploded. On the instant he ascended the escarpment, selzed the coveted flag and commenced his descent. I watched his effort with admiration and anxiety. Just as he had reached the and anxiety. Just as he had reached the abrupt decilvity into the ditch where we were, one of my men unfortunately changed his posttion, receiving Carman upon the point of his bayonet, inflicting what was thought at the time to be a fatal wound. I thought at the time and think now that Carman's action was the most gallant I witnessed during the war."

Gen. McClernand, being much annoyed by the work being done by the battery of one of the Confederate forts at Vickaurg, immediately in front of him, ordered Gen. Smith to have two guns carried up a hill, from which they could command the fort and effectually return the rebel fire. Gen. Smith went to several of the batteries, but the offers demurred, said it would be impossible to accomplish, and meant death for all who essayed it. Gen. Smith, not liking to give a positive order, sent for Capt. White of the Chicago Mercantile Battery.

"Captain." he said. "If you can get two guns up that hill we will have the fort in half an hour!"

no that hill we will have the fort in half an hour!"

"I will try, General." answered White. He went to his battery, told the men the work that was before them, and immediately set on foot preparations. All being in readiness, the men started up the hill, carrying their guns. One of the guns was struck by a shell from the fort battery and several of the men were killed. Capt. White and his party with the other gun reached the crest of the hill in safety, double shotted it quickly, and the Captain himself directing, it was fired. It is said that the shot entered the mouth of a Confederate cannon, which was just ready to be discharged; and exploded it. This theory is due to the widespread destruction which occurred. Many of the Confederates were blown into the sir, the cotton bales on top of the fort were set on fire, and the fort rendered a complete wreck.

When Fort Sumter was almost entirely cut off from the outer world many of the wives of officers who had command of the garrison were in Charleston, having been forced to go there for protection. Among them was the wife of Liout. Abner Doubleday. The condition of the Federals in the fort was becoming serious. Rations were growing scarce, and matches and candles had given out. The condition of the years of the fort, were naturally filled with anxiety and grief. Mrs. Doubleday, under these trying circumstances, decided upon an undertaking which not only showed the intensity of her devotion for her husband, but proved her to be a true heroine. Securing a boat, she leaded it with provisions, and in the dead of night, and alone, rowed from Charleston to Sumter. The danger of her being fired on was great, but she took the risk, and reached the fort in safety. When she came within range of the sentres of the fort the cell rang out. Who goes there?" The reply in a woman's voice surprised the sentry, and several of the gauard were sent down to receive her. On learning who it was, and of the relief she brought, the Federals were overwhelmed with admiration, and the attentions she received from men and officers amounted to worship.

Major Henry E. Tremain of the Seventythird New York Volunteers was a staff
efficer, serving under Gen. Daniel E. Sickies,
but at the battle of Resaca, Ga., he volunteered
to assist Gen. Butterfield in a charge. It was
during this charge that the brigade of Coburn
began firing by mistake into the brigade commanded by Col. Harrison, afterward President of the United States. It was due in a
great measure to Major Tremain's presence
of mind and courage that a panic among the
Federals was prevented. He rode in front of
Coburn's command, and Gen. Butterfield and
Gen. Sickles both testify that they saw him with
his sword knock down the guns of nearly all
the men in the front line of one regiment to
stop them firing. Major Tremain's gallantry
at Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, and Gettraburg was also conspicuous, and Gen. Sickles
says of him in his reports that "he is worthy
of the highest honor which the Government
can award."

Brevet Major-Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb

of the highest honor which the Government can award."

Brevet Major-Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb went into the war as Captain, and all his promotions were for gallantry on the field of battle. He participated in seventeen different actions, among them being Mechanicaville, Antician, Chancellor aville, Gettysburg, Spottsyivania, and the Wilderness. His conduct ats Gettysburg is particularly noteworthy for it daring and absolute fearlessness. He was in command of the Second Brigade of the Second Dvision of the Second Corps. He had been with the color guard of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, of whom every man was either killed or wounded. Gen. Webb, when he left the stricken guard, went across the frost of the companies to the right of the Sixty-alath Pennsylvania, all the way between the lines, in order to direct the fire of the latter regiment upon a company of rebels who had, under the leadership of Gen. Armistead, spring over the low stone wall behind which they had been ambushed, and were starting for a charge. He brought on himself the fire of the rebels, and received a wound in the groin. He remained in the sadie directing his men and holding them up to their work until more than one-half were killed or wounded. Gen. Meade, in his letter presenting a medal to Gen. Webb, mentions this act as one not surpassed by any General in the field.

Col. David Clendenin of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Volunteers was, in soldierly bearing and dash in action, an ideal cavalry officer. Ill s regiment had been recruited by himself, and his men were all devoted to him. His regiment was noted in the Army of the Potomac for saliantry in action, and in every engagement was noted in the Army of the Potomac for saliantry in action, and in every engageme twhere it gained renown Col. Clendenin's ear conduct was conspicuous. It was in the defence of Washington against the raid made for its capture by Gen. Jubal Errly that Col. Clendenin won his chief credit for personal bravery. Col. Clendenin's regiment became engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the famous Seventeenth braitle fight for the fray, plucked the Seventeenth braitle fight form its color bearer with his own hand, and, holding it in his left hand. Wielded his sword with his right in such an effective manner that he beat of several of the Confelerates, who, with desperate courage, sought to recover their colors. In his report of this memorable contest Gen Lew Wrilace says of Col. Clendenin: "He was as brave a cavairy officer as ever mounted a horse." Gen. Clendenin was a member of the military commission which tried and convicted the assessing of President Lincoln.

the lattle of Fort Fisher Ensign William libelies of the navy was smong those who dilered to go ashore with the storming W. When the troops were landed Rhoades fetalised to take charge of a party of the from the Susquehanna and join the party spiers and miners under Lieut. Preston.

Alte to dig rife pits at the front of the libelies and his men started off almost acceptable and worked their way to the front.

from one rifls pit to snother. The last pits were dug quite close to the fort, near the sea end. In the charge made by the saliors they went up the beach directly to the sea angle of the fort without occupying the pits. A first was opened from the fort on the storming party, the men who were digging the rifle pits got their share, and all of Ensign Rhoades's party were killed save himself and a young seaman. James Shannon. When the storming party was beaten back Ensign Rhoades's party was beaten back Ensign Rhoades and Seaman Shannon were left alone, and seeing the Federals had returned to the attack on the west end of the fort, Rhoades picked up a shovel, and with this held alongside of his head, and followed by Shannon with a beat flag unturied and the staff over his shoulder, they ran the whole length of the land face of the fort to where their own men were fighting. Resching their goal in safety, they each picked up rifles and beits from dead sodders and fought their way into the fort with their fellows. To the boy seaman, Shannon, was given the honor of being the first to place the Stars and Stripes upon the parapet.

LIEUT. MURIE'S SAD STORY. Left His Bride to Fight and West Crasy

> Hard down the plain the Red Man rode Against the Red Man; Pawnee slew His hated enemy, the Sloux, And bathed him in his brother's blood.

For they were wily, wild, and strong, Revengeful, fearless, flerce, and fleet, They murmured: Oh, revenge is sweet When Red Men ride to right a wrong. While the Union Pacific was constructing

scross the plains the Government scouts, mostly Pawnee Indians, were kept busy guarding the laborers against the hostile hair-lifters of the Western wilds. It was here that W. F. Cody won the title of

Buffalo Bill, for upon his unerring rifle the workers depended for their daily meat. Omaha was the headquarters for the westarn department of the United States army, and

among the young and promising officers there stationed was Lieut. Murie.
"Read to me, Jim." said Mrs. Murie one evening, as the young officer lighted his after

dinner cigar. "I can't read long, my love," said the gallant scout, "I have just learned that there is trouble out West, and I must be off to the front. That beardless 'elegrapher, Dick, has been here with an order from Major North, and they will run us out special at 11:30 to-night."

The Lieutenant picked up a collection of poems and read where he opened the book: Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, That from the numery Of thy chaste breast and gutet mind

To war and arms I fice. "Oh, Jim," she broke in, "why don't they try to civilize these poor Indians? Are they all so bad? Are there no good ones among them?" "Yes," said toe soldier, with a smile. are all good except those that escape in battle "But tell me, love, how long will this Indian

war last?" "As long as the Sloux hold out," said the soldier.

At 11 o'clock that night the young Lieuenant said good-by to his wife and went away. The scouts were stationed near Julesburg, which was then the terminus of the Union Pacific track. The special engine and car that carried Lieut. Murie from Omaha arrived at noon, the day after its departure from the banks of the Missouri.

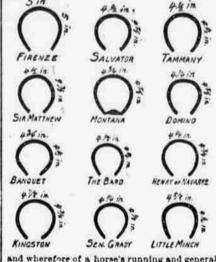
Murie had been married less than six months. For many moons the love letters that came to camp from his sweetheart's

SHOES OF FAMOUS RACERS. CHARACTER IN HORSES REVEALED

Seed and Bad Qualities of Race Horses Seen Their Shoes - Jockey Taral's Unique Collection of Trophics of His Victories-Highly Valuable Horseshoes.

There are at least three collections of shoes of race horses in this city. One of the most at-ractive is that of H. M. Hitchcock, who, during the season at the great Eastern tracks, is one of the most familiar figures in the paddock. His collection is only of shoes of prominent horses, such as The Bard, Firenze, Salvator, Domino, Bauquet, Tammany, Henry of Navarre, and Kingston. These are hung around his dining room, each in a plain oak frame about 18x12 inches, the background, or mount, being the colors of the owner; thus Domino is backed by the white with blue spots of the Keene Stable, Henry of Navarre by the green and gold of Byron McClelland, and so on. The plates are those worn by the horse in some great race, the date of which appears on a burnished brass plate on the edge of the frame. Another collection is that of Mr. McKeever, after whom the horse McKeever was named. These plate are not mounted in frames, but have stamped in the hollow running round the shoe the name of the horse wearing it, the race, the date, and the name of the owner. The favorites here are the representatives of the Marcus Daly Stable.

To the student of things horsy these collections are more than usually interesting. By comparing one plate with the others there is found a great deal of difference in contour and proportion of length to breadth, and to some extent this difference may explain the why



behavior. Glance at the plate of Tammany, and then at that of Little Minch. Tammany has a well-nigh perfect plate, as a two and three year old especially, well balanced, measuring 416 Inches from heel to tee, and 416 inches from side to side, while the lines are also true Sample of the National Control of the State of the National Control of the National C in an artistic sense. This horse was a well-behaved fellow, seldom fretted at the post, and when started was generally behind his field, racing along with a grand stride which gradually wore those in front down, and then with magnificent courage answering to the hardest

pounds the best of the weights, and in the runous he won easily by a length and a half, and if there had been ten heat: In five days he would have won them all.

The Berd, who so often carried the red, white, and blue to victory around 1888, has the smallest plate of any horse whose shoe is seen in the collections. It is a perfect sprinter's foot, and also has plenty of staying power. The length from heel to toe is 4½ inches, and the width 4½ inches. Tenny, the much-beloved little away back, has a plate which shows his indomitable spirit and his phenomenal burst of speed when other horses were thinking of quitting, but yet lacks the fluely drawn staying powers, combined with speed, shown in the almost perfect Tammany foot of 1891. Badge, another little rascal, had a foot like Tenny, and the upper part of Raceland's reminds one of it.

Henry of Navarre shows another fine plate with wonderful staying powers, It is 4½ inches long by 4½ broad, the contour being almost perfect to the bending in of the heel. He should be kind, gentle, manageable, like a great dog rather than a horse, if he is handled right, but look out if he is badly treated for long; slow to grasp what is wanted, but with a Banquetlike tendency in the upper part of the shoe which will make him finish like a giant.

Kingston, the popular black whiriwind of the Iwwer Bros., shows another typical plate. Four and seven-eighths inches long by 4½ inches whie, rounded, tucked-up heels in place of elongated terminals show the difference between the sprinter and the stayer.

The most unique collection of horseshoes, and one which carries, possibly, more pleasant recollections than any other in existence, is that of Taral in an upper room of his lenox, avenue house. It consists of the skeletons of the great floral horseshoes in which he has been ridden after his groutest victories, commencing with that of Persara, in the Metropolitan Handlean at Morris Park in 1892.

It is not every one who can obtain race-horse plates. Owners regard it as a favor to part wi

PACERS AS ROAD HORSES.

Pashlon Does Not Payor the Lateral-gatted Equines Some Exceptions to the Rule-Tae Views of Lewis G. Tewksbury and Other Veteran Horsemen on the Subject.

An incident of the month has brought the that Walter S. Hobart, the young Californian, a separate division because in no sense dairy who has recently been buying everything cattle. But the word farm being somewhat in the way of running, trotting, and highdriving Hazel Wilkes, 2:1114, through Golden orush by a fellow townsman with the pacer Our Dick, 2:1014. Mr. Hobart, it is said, promptly bought the pacer, harness, and wagon, and now owns the fastest roadster on the coast, except Capt. Millen Griffith's pacer Flying speaks deprecatingly of this omission, and

The fastest road horse now owned in New York is Lewis G. Tewksbury's pacer Mascot, 2:04, so that for the first time the fleetest nags for pleasure driving on each side of the continent have the lateral galt. The coincidence has set the critics of the Suburban Club and the New York Driving Club canvassing the merits of the pacer as a road horse. There is certainly a prejudice against the side-wheelers for pleasure driving, but it is not so strong

FACTS ABOUT THE DAIRIES.

CENSUS COMPILATION OF THE PRODUCTS AND PRODUCERS.

Business that Invoives Millions of Capi-tal and Vicids an Annual Product Par Greater than the Investment in Stock-The Condensed Milk Figures, A pamplilet that is curious and interesting in

from the Government Printing Office, at the behest of Secretary of Agriculture Morton, under the title of "Statistics of the Dairy." By the title page of this pamphlet it appears that "Statistics of the Dairy" was "compiled from the United States census for 1890, and from other reliable sources, with explanatory notes by Henry E. Alverd, C. E., Chief of the Dairy Division," although, as a matter of fact, Henry E. Alvord, C. E., is in no sense either the au thor or the compiler. The pamphlet is of the three numbered pages. The first seven pages the Secretary of Agriculture, a letter of sub-Industry, a blank page, a table of contents, and a list of illustrations. After these will be

pacers into prominence as roadsters. It seems | were on the ranges, the latter being kept in stepping horses that strikes his fancy, while given to it by the boss enumerator, who de-Gate Park in San Francisco, was beaten in a three acres was a farm. So the cows owned by

tories; that they employ 14,291 people at an annual excense of \$5,390,705 for wages; that they pay \$51,304,574 for material and produce 37,920,821 pounds of condensed milk, worth \$502,0821, pounds of condensed milk, worth doubled in ten years, while the expense for salaries as reported increased nearly four times.

Mr. Henry E. Alvord, C. E., in his introduction, flaures that after allowing for the milk used in the making of butter and cheese, the amount remaining to be used as milk is but half a pint a day for each inhabitant, and he adds that "many people do not, in fact, approach that rate of consumption."

THEY WANT A BOUNTY LAW nore respects than one has recently been issued

Told by Capt, O'Haver, the Prince of Wales of the Memphis Polles Force.

From the Commercial Appeal. "Several years ago," the Captain began, Bill Pryde and I had to go to Little Rock to appear as witnesses in a burglary trial. One mile this side of the town of Carlisle, Ark., there was a freight wreck. The cars were torn up and the track was twisted. There were very poor facilities for clearing the track, and Bill and I saw it sticking out plain that we would

found four pages and three lines, by actual measure, all of leaded matter, which were written under the title of "Introductory" by "Henry E. Alvord, C. E., Chief of the Dairy Division." And that is the whole extent of the work of Mr. Alvord. Passing over Mr. Alvord's introductory note, there is found a "Division of the Agricultural Statistics of the Eleventh United States census," by John Hyde. The work of Mr. Hyde runs from the twelfth page to the fifty-third, inclusive. It is in great to the fifty-third, inclusive in the past and present extent of the dairy business, and with these tables will be found many comparative and explanatory notes and comment very likely to attract the attention of dairy owners everywhere. Mr. Hyde is the author of the work. The placing of the name of Henry E. Alvord, C. E., on the title page as the author is not, however, without precedent among the publications that have issued from the Government press.

On turning to the work of Mr. Hyde, it is found that when the Census Bureau started out to count the "neat cattle" in the United States, it was decided to enumerate first all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and, second, all that were on the farms everywhere, and the proprietors had been recognized. The story had immediately gone around the country. Our friend said that while we were taken to be a story to be a story to be a story to be a

"Long Suffering's" Schedule. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUS-Sir: I should let the tanitor's fathere to send up the coal go by three

When Patience Ceases to Be a Virtue. To the Euron of The Sun-Sir: In the smaller affairs of life I should have patience, but if that didn't do any good I should fight. Ramaton.

Would Grin and Bear It for a Time.

To the Futor of The Sun-Sir: I should grin and bear it, but not always. I should fight for my rights in the end. Human. Card from a Janttor.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: "Flat Dweller's" question seems to be asked in a good spirit, but I think that, even with his good intentions, he does not view the subject in all its bearings. The fact is that the janitor has a good many things to look out for and many people to please. If there were any degree of uniformity in the tenants' desires it any degree of uniformity in the tenants' dealres it might be possible to comply with them all, though in some flats the janitor would have to do some pretty tail husting to do it. But the trouble is that people are not alike. In winter, for instance, some want the steam heat at one notch, some want it at another. Some people, when they want anything done, want it done right off. Suppose the janitor is actually at work on something for another tenant who is equally dealrous of having work done at once? Summer is coming; everybody will want his awaings put up on the same day—a manifest impossibility. And so it is with many other things. thins.

The successful janifor must be a man of untiring industry, perfect good nature, constant politoness, and sound common sense, and something of a diplomatist as well. In fact, I look to see grow up our of the present race of janifors men of superior skill in affairs.

JANYON.

From the Courier-Light.

Miss Myra Winkler called at our office the other day with a queer little fish found in the arresian wells at San Marcos, Tex. The fish is about four inches long, has human face, hands, and feet. A large number of these are said to live on land as well as in water.

Lament of a Clothesline Thief. "The business is not what it used to be," said a clothesline thief. "In these days, with clothes hung on pulley lines high up in the air, it costs us so much for balloons and climbing from that there's really nothing in it any more."

Waltham Watches Made by the American Waltham Watch Company are the best and most reliable timekeepers made in this or any other country.

Ask to see the name "Riverside" or "Royal" engraved on the plates, and always the word "Waltham." For sale by all retail jewellers.

HAMMONDSPORT, April 4.—The last meeting of the Fairchild House Circle was unusually full, taking the word in a numerical sense. Col. Jim Correll was there from his villa in the town of Pultney, along whose shores the waters of Lake Keuka are so blue that no game protector has ever yet been able to see far enough down Into their depths to detect a gill net.

Ex-County Clerk Giffin came up from Giffins

ville-on-the-Lake on purpose to join this circle at this particular meeting. N. S. Stebbins, Esq.,

poet, philosopher, and inventor of the phenome-nal mind reading and self angling bass read

was there. It is said that one of the seven won-

ders of the world has thrown up its job and given it to this amazing reel. It is not known here just which one of the seven wonders has eacrificed itself to the Stebbins reel, but is doesn't matter. The whole seven could retire into obscurity and never be missed, now that this reel exists. The great benefit that this reel is destined to bestow on the world is that it will abolish fishermen. When this reel is would up it gets into the boat, goes out to the fishing ground, baits its own hook, catches all when A Mr. Higher mark from the twelfth mass to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the fifty third, inclusive. It is in arms to the season of the dark when the season of the se the fish it is wound up to catch, and brings the boat in again as well as an Adirondack guide could do it, and at one-twenty-eighth of the cost. Thus in the evening

rises to order a pint. The Chair would suggest, though, Brother Balley, that, considering the size and capacity of this meeting, you had better make it a quart."

The Chair, having been made to see the mistake it was proceeding under, recognized Farmer Bailey and his point of order. But the Chair looked disappointed.

"What I want to say is," continued Farmer Bailey, that I never got more than ten cents for a grounding. The truth of the matter is, my neighbors can keep themselves in grounding meat and that spoils the market.

"Thee," ejaculated ex-County Clerk Giffin of Giffinville-on-the-Lake, "I object to the State or the county being made to pay the gentleman's neighbors for providing their own fodder. I move that we substitute moles for groundings and make the bounty a nickel. I know places where the moles have made cellars out of a good many meadows. It's dangerous to walk in some parts of Steuben for the first thing you know you'll be un to your neck in a unde excavation. Put moles in the bill."

"But, say!" Kelly Masson rose to remark. "don't forget about foxes. I don't want to spend my time dememorizing hens to increase the ogg erop, and then have foxes come along and gobble 'cm up just the same as if they were ordinary hens that hadn't forgot to remember."

"What's the matter with hawks?" asked Poet Stebbins. "There are hawks on my Folly Farm, down in the town of Benton, big enough to carry off a baby. There are no such hawks anywhere as the hawks of Folly Farm. They don't expose themselves be swimming around in the air and running the chance of putting their prey on guard. They alight on the edges of clouds and sail along with them until they see a taby playing in the dooryard or a turkey your a land and down they drop out of the cloud like a thunderboit, and some hearthstone or poultry yard or sheepfold is made desolate."

Then drupping into picetry with the same thunderboit facility that marks the dropping of Forly Farm hawks out of a cloud Poet Stebbins concluded with:

Misce there expense or the m

ded with:
Put a bounty on 'em.
Make their scalps worth a quarter;
Turn the whole today ou 'em.
That's what we orter.

Fut a bounty on 'em.

Sake their scaps worth a quarter;

That's what we orter.

"Your farm ain't in Stouben county," remarked ex-County Clerk triffin, "It's in yates. If you want the scalps of your hawke hunted send for the Hon, George Lord, the scalp hunter of Dundee, and let him have a hack at 'em. He doesn't go for a scalp unless he gets it. We're looking out for o'el! Steuben, and while we are about it, Mr. Chairman, I hope that in providing for the bountes that have been surgested, the mephitis chings will not be forgotten. I ask that it be dignified by a price on its head."

"What in the name o' the razor-back hogs o' Hyde centry is a mephitis chings," asked Packy Griswold. "I never heard of any o' them in Stooben county."

"What'" exclaimed ex-County Clerk Giffin, "Don't know what a mephitis chings is? Ha! ha! ha! I'm surprised!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Farmer Bailey. "Don't know what a mephitis chings is, I think he can tell him, "and Brother Giffin.

Packy Griswold will ask Brother Halley what a mephitis chings was.

"Why, it's a liva —it's a joke, ain't it?" said Farmer Bailey, a little confused.

"Well," said the ex-County Clerk, "if roa should happen to step on the some flue evening the chances are that you wouldn't think it was much of a joke. A mephitis chings is a small black animal that travel. By night and has a pingsney that on sacasion can freight the air of a whole township. Some people call it a skunk."

There was much merriment in the Circle for a spell, and Deacon Ezra Gleason of the town of Wayne, who was present only as a spectate, laughed longer and more londiy than any one. This seemed to rang on Packy Griswold happen beacon Gleason, he said:

"They use mophitis chings for a lap dog over in the town of Wayne, who was present only as a spectate, anghed longer and more londiy than any one. This seemed to range on Packy Griswold."

"Then I was mophitis chings for a lap dog over in the town of Wayne, who was present only as a spectate, langhed longer and more londiy the unit to be mixed up